Table of Contents

1. Author's Note/Welcome To "Lost Stars"!
2. Prologue
3. Chapter One
4. Chapter Two
5. Chapter Three
6. Chapter Four
7. Chapter Five
8. Chapter Six
9. Chapter Seven
10. Chapter Eight
11. Chapter Nine
12. Chapter Ten
13. Chapter Eleven
14. ~Note~
15. Chapter Twelve
16. Chapter Thirteen
17. Chapter Fourteen
18. Chapter Fifteen
19. Chapter Sixteen
20. Chapter Seventeen
21. Chapter Eighteen
22. Chapter Nineteen
23. Chapter Twenty
24. ~Dedications~
25. Chapter Twenty One
26. Chapter Twenty Two
27. Chapter Twenty Three
28. Author's Note

Author's Note/Welcome To "Lost Stars"!

Dear Readers,

Hey guys! My name is Ryn Cosmino (I'm the author) and I'm so glad you're here! Thank you so much for picking "Lost Stars." It's an ongoing project, and I'm working to get it completed :)

Of course, it is by no means perfect, so I would love to hear your opinions and thoughts on the story! *Please please please share your opinions! I love reading comments and your thoughts!

I will be trying to update and add a chapter every 2 weeks (haha, I've got a school so my schedule is a bit hectic, I'm sorry) so stay tuned!

Day Started: Feb 10th 2019

Day Completed: --ongoing--

~Ryn Cosmino.

Prologue

[image]

The full moon broke through the leaves of the forest, casting slanting shadows onto the ground as a dappled she-cat with black paws wove through the shadows of the trees. Her light brown fur was matted, and her soft grey eyes were dull as she scanned the forest warily, her ears pricked. The sound of her paw steps were loud as stepped around trees and branches, her round belly swinging awkwardly as she padded into a small hollow by an oak tree. Dimly, she wondered how long she'd manage to have her kits without the help of a medicine cat. In SkyClan, BrightStorm had always helped with the Queens. Now, she was alone. Eyes bleary with weariness, the travelling she-cat hang her head and closed her eyes.

There was nothing. The forest was eerily silent, the sounds coming only the occasional breeze that ruffled the leaves that accompanied her footsteps through the shadows. With a sigh, the cat settled to rest. Her tail curled around her as she fought to keep her gnawing hunger at bay. Hunger, accompanied by the familiar pang of loneliness.

"Oh, StarClan," she murmured in despair. "Why do you cast me out alone?"

There was no reply, though she hadn't expected there to be one. Only the Silverpelt stared down at her, their twinkling lights seeming to mock her from high above. She felt the scorn of StarClan like claws on her belly as she turned away in shame.

Once, StarClan had honoured her. Once, she had clanmates to hunt beside, and stars woven in her path. She mewed softly in despair. *Oh, how long ago it seemed,* she thought.

The silence was a familiar companion to her now. Though, not for long. She glanced at her round belly and felt a strong tug of

fierce devotion and longing. *I must go on. If not for myself, then for my kits.*

She rested her head on her paws, tail flicking in worry before finally letting sleep draw her in. She would hunt tomorrow, she decided firmly as she felt the ache from the scratches on her legs and muzzle. Dimly, she was aware of the searing pain in her belly as her mind wandered through her memories.

Memories of chasing prey through the sun-dappled woods of SkyClan, her mentor and clanmates by her side.

Memories of her naming ceremony, and her walk to the MoonStone for her nine lives. Her pride as she looked down at her clan who yowled her name, their eyes shining to match hers.

Memories of the familiar scent of ShadowClan, a pair of soft, green eyes and a grey pelt that shone like stars underneath the moonlight.

Memories of a life that used to be hers.

All of that was swept away as sleep took her. Until there was no more vibrant green colours, no more soft green eyes or moonlight.

Until there was only darkness, and the lost stars to keep her company.

Chapter One

Luna had always loved the stars. She stared at them now, sitting perched on the two-leg fence and letting the night breeze brush her fur. The stars were always beautiful to her; tiny pinpricks of light in a never-ending blanket of darkness with a faint, comforting glimmer that shone through the wisps of clouds.

Luna purred softly in happiness, breathing in the scent of the night air; it was sharp and familiar, filled with lingering scents of prey and the constant bitter tang of the thunderpath close by. The white patches of her coat turned silver underneath the moon, as Luna pricked her ears to listen to the forest sounds.

A soft rustle of leaves nearby startled her, causing her to stumble back. Her paws scrabbled at the fence to regain her footing, and she flicked her tail in annoyance. But it was quickly forgotten as Luna's eyes narrowed as she focused on the rustling leaves. Underneath the repulsive scent of the thunderpath, she could scent the musky taste of prey. Her mouth began to water, and her small black paws twitched in excitement.

There it was! Through the darkness, Luna could make out the bushy tail of a squirrel, a few fox-lengths away. Luna looked down, hunching her muscles to leap down from the fence. The ground seemed far below her. She paused for a second before biting back her fear and leaping down from the fence with a dull thud. Her paw pads stung, but the mossy ground of the forest felt much better than the hard surface of the fence. Tail twitching, she bounced on her paws and stared into the murky darkness, making sure the squirrel hadn't moved.

It was still there. Completely motionless, and less than a fox-length away. Mouth watering, Luna crept through the shadows of the trees. A few more paw steps and...

Yowling in triumph, she pounced.

"Luna!"

Her mother's voice came from behind her. Startled, she stumbled, crashing onto her side with her paws beneath her. She squirmed, shaking her pelt.

"What are you doing?" Her mother leaped down gracefully from the fence, before bounding over and frantically licking her kit. Luna glanced around, looking for the squirrel she had been hunting. There it was! Only... It was just a tree branch, hiding in the shadow of the bush. Luna ducked her head, shamefaced.

"I told you to stay in the garden!" She scolded when she was sure that Luna wasn't hurt. Her white tail lashed angrily, though concern still tinged her steady gaze.

"I saw a squirrel!" Luna protested. She dug her claws into the soft forest ground. Here, it was much quieter. She looked around, distracted, at the looming trees and canopy of leaves. Soft shafts of moonlight tuned the forest ground into a swirling pattern of dark green, browns and grey. Entranced, she padded around the dappled ground.

"Luna!" Her mother used her bushy tail to sweep her kit towards her.

"Sorry," she whispered, looking at her paws. "I just wanted to explore the forest." Luna pushed her muzzle against her mother's side, letting her comforting warmth envelop her. The forest seemed so big, all of a sudden. The trees loomed over her, and Luna shivered, though she still couldn't shake the feeling that *this* was where she belonged.

"Oh, my kit," said her mother, her voice thick with an emotion that Luna couldn't recognize as she pressed closer to her. She stared at Luna, and the anger seemed to sweep away from her eyes. Instead, there was only a soft grey sadness that lingered there; it was a broken, shattered dullness that made her eyes glazed

and empty.

Luna shivered. "I'm sorry," she repeated, letting her mother's scent wash over the new smells of the forest.

"One day, I'll tell you about the forest," her mother continued, her voice quiet. Her pawsteps were slow as she helped Luna onto her paws, using her tail to guide her back to the fence. With a powerful leap, she scaled the fence and pulled Luna up gently.

"Will you tell me about the Clans?" Luna asked, her voice tentative. The Clans was something she heard her mother talk about sometimes, though every time she mentioned it, her eyes were sad and her voice became tired.

Her mother stiffened, before letting a soft sigh and dipping her head slightly. "I will tell you about the Clans when you're older. I'll tell you stories of chasing prey and my days as a leader named DawnStar."

Her mother licked Luna's head, absentmindedly. Luna thought that her eyes looked far, far away.

"But for now, you're still a kit."

A/N: I tried my best to get a picture of Luna; the picture above was the closest I could find! :) Isn't she so cuteeee?

Chapter Two

[image]

Luna padded through the shadows of the two-leg buildings, her mother's flank pressed comfortingly against her side as the buildings loomed above her so that she was surrounded by inky darkness. It wrapped around her, though instead of causing her to shrink back in fear, the shadows engulfed her like a comforting blanket. Luna's green eyes sparkled as walked through the familiar streets. She bounced on her paws, bristling with excitement as she tasted the air.

They walked for a few minutes, and Luna chattered happily about the "squirrel" she'd been hunting.

"It was huge!" she claimed, eyes wide as she recalled the bushy tail and beady eyes. "And I was so close to it, I could practically pounce on it."

Her mother gave a small mrrow of laughter before pausing at a small hollow shielded by white walls overgrown with ivy. Faint scents of two-legs still clung to the musty air, but they were several moons old.

Inside, a Queen with white fur broken up by patches of silver sat in the corner, resting her muzzle on her paws. She lifted her head when Luna and her mother came in, nodding slightly before stretching and curling up in her nest. Her belly was swollen beneath her, and her eyes were dulled by weariness.

"Hello, Marble," Luna's mother mewed quietly. She padded forward and nosed Marble's nest, pulling a torn blanket around her.

Marble purred, the sound echoing around the walls. "Thanks, Dawn."

"Where are the others?" Dawn asked, glancing at the two empty nests placed by the entrance.

"Caramel and Snow said they'll go scavenging for food," Marble replied. "And Silver's gone to fetch more bedding. I offered to help but they said they'll be fine." Marble sighed, looking at the last rays of sunlight peeking through their den. Like Luna and her mother, she was somewhat of a stray, wandering through the cities and hunting in the forests before finding the den and joining them.

"Scavenging for crow food?" asked Dawn, her nose wrinkled in disgust.

"Scraps," Marble corrected with a soft purr. "They said they'll be back in a bit."

"I wonder what a squirrel tastes like," Luna mused. "Would it be furry?" She shuddered at the thought of having fur in her mouth.

"Squirrel was my favourite back in the forest," Dawn said, cuffing Luna's head lightly. Affection shone in her gaze .

Marble rolled onto her back, giving a small groan of displeasure as she curled up. "I don't know how you traveled when you were expecting kids, especially when your mate wasn't around. To think! You must've been so lonely and tired." Marble shuddered, eyes closed and oblivious to Dawn, who'd bristled.

"I managed," Dawn said, her meow sharp. Luna saw her unsheathe and her claws and sink them into the ground, before she hardened and turned away, sheathing her claws again.

"Do you miss him?"

Dawn was silent, stiffening as she hesitated. Luna sat, watching her mother. She hadn't ever seen her father, and her mother never mentioned him. She tilted her head, confused.

"I miss the forest, and my old life as a warrior," Dawn said, her reply so soft only Luna heard it. Her mother stared wistfully out the mouth of their den, watching the sunlight give way to the wisps of shadow. She shook herself, shaking her head slowly as she walked to her nest without another sound. Quietly, Luna followed.

"It's time to sleep," Dawn said, wrapping her tail neatly around her paws and pulling a soft two-leg blanket around Luna.

"But I don't want to! I'm already 3 moons old!" Luna argued, stifling a yawn. She curled up beside her mother, who was running a white paw through her fur as she curled her tail neatly around Luna. Waves of emotions rolled of her; emotions that Luna couldn't start to describe.

Luna's pelt prickled as she sensed a thread of something bitter that radiated off her mother's pelt. An emotion?

Wasn't Dawn happy here? What was she so... sad about? Luna shook her head. The feeling wasn't sadness, she realized. It was something harsher. More like anger.

Luna shivered.

The lull of sleep beckoned to Luna, and soon, her soft snoring filled the den as the last traces of the sun disappeared, plunging her world into darkness.

~~~~~

Luna woke up in the middle of the night. Her thoughts were racing as she lifted her muzzle. *What had woken her up?*

All was quiet, except for the gentle pitter-patter of rain outside the window. Dawn was asleep under a shaft of moonlight that illuminated her fur, casting dancing shadows and silvery light on her thick pelt.

Luna pressed closer to her mother, alarmed as she sensed her mother's thoughts racing. Emotions still hung heavy in the air, almost like a heavy curtain that blanketed Dawn.

Her paws prickling with unease, she felt something tug in her chest. Instinct seemed to guide her, and she pressed her muzzle onto Dawn's forehead.

An explosion of stars seemed to twinkle, blurring her vision as shadows curled at the edges, hiding her nest, the walls of
~~~~~

their home, and Dawn from view. Gasping, she stumbled back in surprise, her throat dry. *Should she say something? Was she losing her vision?* Dimly, Luna could hear her mother's snores before the world seemed to fall away. Flinching in surprise, she found herself somewhere new.

Sunlight filtered through the trees of the forest, casting a patchwork of mottled greens and soft shadows onto the ground as Luna's paws padded through the forest in the sunlight. The leaves high above Luna's head hung in patches of shining green that seemed to light up the entire forest.

Unfamiliar scents filled her nose as she wove through the forest. *Where* am *I?* She wondered.

Suddenly, the bushes exploded and a young she-cat darted out of the forest, a black tom chasing her.

The she-cat's graceful paws and brown fur flashed across Luna's vision before the cat raced up the tree.

"Hey! Come down here! Not all cats are SkyClan warriors," the tom meowed. His soft silver eyes twinkled as he circled the tree.

Luna gazed up at the she-cat. She could just make out her black paws and swishing tail. Luna's heart dropped. *Her mother?*

It was Dawn! The black paws were unmistakable, though her mother's face was younger, her form smaller and lither as she leapt from tree to tree.

This must be a memory, Luna realized. Her throat dry, she glanced around. As she suspected, her mother's gaze passed right through her. The black tom continued to chase her, and their purrs echoed through the forest.

"Wait!" Luna called. She raced after them, though she knew it was hopeless. They wouldn't see her, however hard she meowed.

Her vision blurred as the mottled green and yellow colours

spun around her until shadows crept into her vision again.

Trembling, she found herself in her nest, Dawn's flank pressing against hers.

The young kit shook her head, trying to clear it. *It must be a dream,* she concluded.

But even as sleep took her again, one thought echoed in her head.

What just happened?

Chapter Three

A/N: Hey guys! Thank you all so much for the recent support on my warriors fanfic! :) I'm glad you guys all seemed to like it. I love reading all your comments! <3

Luna wove her way through the forest, her pawsteps silent as the soft grass tickled her paws. She narrowed her eyes, staying hidden in the shadows. She peeked through the dark grass blades, the smell of pine and moss causing her to sigh happily.

Underneath a shaft of sunlight, Luna could make out the figure of a young tom with black spotted fur and grey-tipped ears. The tom, Silver, sat on a log in the clearing, his tail tucked neatly on his paws. His parents, Snow and Caramel, had joined Luna and her mother many moons ago, when Luna was barely a moon old. Since they were kits, they had rolled around in the warmth of their den, learning battle moves from Silver's father, Snow.

Silver's ears were pricked, muscles tense as his sharp blue eyes scanned the trees. Luna froze when his gaze seemed to linger on the bush she was hiding under, and she let out a soft sigh of relief when his eyes passed over her.

Luna saw him flick his tail, his eyes scanning the bushes on the other side. She crept forward, making sure to stay downwind like Snow had taught them in the morning so he couldn't scent her. Her black paws expertly avoided the sharp branches, even though her eyes were fixed on the silver tom rather than the ground. She was just a few fox-lengths away now. Luna's tongue swept over her muzzle, her paws twitching in anticipation before she flew at Silver with a teasing hiss.

She was careful to keep her claws sheathed, so when she landed on him, there was only a dull thud and an outraged cry from Silver.

"I should've seen you," he yowled, laughter dancing in his eyes.

"Hmph. I knew you would try something like that. Your stalking skills are getting better, Luna," he meowed, purring.

"Do you think I'll be able to stalk a thunderpath monster one day?" Luna asked, her eyes shining with excitement as she let out a mrrow of laughter.

"Why do you call them 'thunderpath monsters'?" Silver asked her, his head tilted. His eyes were inquisitive, holding no sign of mocking or cruelty.

The calico she-cat sniffed, raising her head. "My mother calls them that, " she said.

Silver purred. "Well then, I suppose your skills are good enough to catch one. Though I can probably catch *two*." He purred and stretched his tail, showing off the powerful muscles' he'd built from training with Snow. The white tom that was Silver's father was extremely strict with training, constantly telling them to work harder on their battle moves, in case their group faced an attack.

Amusement danced in Silver's eyes as he batted Luna lightly with his paw, before resting a tail on her shoulder.

Luna licked her white chest fur. "I doubt it. Although, thanks for practising with me" she said, shifting her paws. She glanced around the sun-filled forest, remembering with a purr the last time she'd been here. It'd been barely two moons ago when she was watching the stars. Now, she'd grown older and leaner, able to run longer distances and hunt for her mother and Marble, as well as the new kits that had just arrived a moon ago. Dawn took care of them when they went hunting or scavenging for two-leg scraps.

She winced when she thought about her mother, Dawn. Her mother had grown progressively weaker as the moons passed, and instead of running through the forest with Luna, she stayed in her den. Luna's tail sliced through the air, her ears twitching with concern as she paced the floor. She was only dimly aware of Silver, who was talking about hunting. The young she-cat closed her eyes briefly. It had been a few moons ago, but she'd been sure that she had seen a memory of her mother's; a personal one, when she was

just a young kit. But the memory was dull now, and Luna wasn't sure whether it had just been a whisper of her imagination, or something more...

Ice gripped her heart when a thought struck her, making her shiver even under the warm sunlight of new-leaf. *What if her strange powers were somehow the cause of her mother's illness? What if* she *had accidentally made her mother sick?*

Luna tried to push aside her worries, realizing that her claws had been digging into the dirt. Sharp gouges were scratched onto the soft soil, and Luna winced. Silver tilted his head, staring at her in confusion.

"Are you alright?" he asked, concern in his grey eyes.

"I'm fine," Luna replied brusquely, turning away.

Luna was just about to suggest for him to try stalking her so she could work on her scenting and tracking skills when Marble's sharp yowl echoed through the forest, followed by pounding footsteps.

Before Luna could speak, a streak of white rushed into the clearing. Marble skidded to a stop, her flanks heaving as she bounded up to Luna. Silver exchanged an expression of confusion with Luna, and she pressed her muzzle to Marble's, steading the Queen.

"What is it?" she asked frantically. "Is it the kits?" Marble's kits had arrived half a moon ago, though they had seemed healthy and strong.

"No," She said, fighting for breath. Her eyes were wild as she panted. "It's your mother. I think she's really sick."

Chapter Four

[image]

Luna pelted through the trees, oblivious to the low branches that scratched her flank as she darted through the forests, her paws light on the forest floor. She was aware of Silver's pawsteps behind hers, and the sound of his breaths coming in quick pants as he chased after her.

The forest blurred together in a splatter of vibrant green hues as Luna raced, faster and faster, letting the scents and her pawsteps guide her home. Cresting the hill, she broke free through patches of nettle and lengthed her strides, her eyes sliding past the scattered pine trees that peppered the hillside. The trees cast soft shadows on the ground, their comfort beckoning to her. Instinctively, she dug in her paws and ran towards the line of trees, feeling her pelt and paws melt into the familiar grey shadows. *Hold on,* she thought desperately, wishing her mother could hear her. *We're coming!*

It wasn't far now. The line of two-leg houses was only a few strides away. The buildings and thunderpath scent usually caused her to hesitate, but this time, she plunged forward.

"Luna! Watch out!" Silver's yowl reached her just in time as she skidded to a halt, eyes wide as a monster roared by.

"Thanks," she murmured as Silver caught up to her, his flanks heaving as he struggled to catch the slender she-cat. Marble was further behind; her pawsteps were slow and she stumbled through the patches of nettle. She lashed her tail once, gesturing for them to go forward. Silver nodded once, determination seeping into his eyes before darting forward, Luna close behind him.

They wounded through the city streets, and Luna raced ahead, letting her paws carry her through the familiar alleys and two-leg fences.

Finally, what felt like a moon later to Luna, she caught a glimpse

of their den. The calico she-cat swerved into the building, her pawsteps scrabbling on the hard floor.

Through the shaft of sunlight that fell in through the two-leg glass, she saw Dawn curled up on her nest, a tail over her muzzle. Luna sagged with relief when she saw the faint rise and fall of her flank, but the relief was short-lived. Caramel and Snow were crowded beside Dawn, their eyes desperate and hopeless as they padded from one end of the den to another to fetch Dawn cold water.

Her mother's eyes were half closed, and she only pricked her ears when she'd heard Luna walk in. Heat radiated from her pelt as Luna stepped forward and tentatively pushed the moss closer to Dawn.

"Luna," Her mother rasped. Her eyes were glazed with pain as she struggled to sit up.

"You'll be okay," Luna said, pressing against her flank. "Rest."

But Dawn only brushed her aside. A sudden emotion seemed to flash through her eyes, and they cleared enough for her to raise her head. "Luna. I'm dying. But before StarClan takes me, I need to tell you. *Everything*."

StarClan? Fever must be clouding her brain. Luna had never heard the word before. Luna shook her head, glancing at Snow and Caramel. "No, you're not going to die," she insisted frantically. "There *must* be something we can do."

But Caramel shook her head sadly. "Luna. Dawn is weak. She hasn't been well for moons, and I think-"

"No!" Luna yowled. She licked her mother's ears. "We have to get help!"

"There is no time. You know I've been getting weak. This is the only way." Dawn's eyes were blazing, and her voice was suddenly strong as she staggered and leapt to her paws, her flanks heaving with the effort. Her eyes burned with fever. Luna's paws were heavy like stone as the hopelessness crashed over her. She pressed her

eyes shut, panic and pain tugging at her heart as she leaned against her mother.

"I need to tell you of my life in my Clans. Because you, my dear kit, are the only hope of my revenge on the Clans." At this, a strong fierce emotion seeped into Dawn's eyes. Her claws dug into the ground, and her eyes were wild as she swayed on her paws. Luna quickly pressed beside her, steadying her.

"But I must tell you what the clans did to me." Dawn rasped, her eyes falling closed. "I must tell you what your *father* did," She spat the word out like it was crow-food, and she sank to the ground.

Luna almost stumbled back in surprise. Dawn was dying and she wanted to talk about Luna's *father*?

"I must tell you of my life first. Before I had you, I was a leader and a warrior."

Dawn's eyes flew open. Her gaze was suddenly intense as she stared at Luna, her eyes filled with a torrent of love, determination, sadness and an emotion Luna could not recognize.

"My name was Dawnstar, leader of SkyClan."

***A/N Hehe I tried to make a mood board for Luna; it's at the top of this chapter... Dunno how well that turned out, to be honest. I think I'll make one for Dawn, Marble, Silver and some other special cats later :) ***

Chapter Five

[image]

A/N: Hehe, this is Dawn's mood board. What do you guys think?

Dawn's tail flickered weakly before she rested her muzzle on her crossed paws. Up close, Luna could make out the strands of silver tipped whispers and grey fur. Dawn seemed to age before her eyes as she laid her tail on Luna's shoulder.

Luna was dimly aware of Caramel's white tail sweeping over Silver, silently herding him away.

"This is Dawn's story to tell," Caramel meowed. Silver's tail twitched as she glanced at Luna, his gaze clouded with concern. Luna tipped her black and white head a fraction, trying to hold back the waves of grief.

Caramel and Silver's pawsteps faded.

"You aren't a kit anymore, my dear Luna," her mother meowed. Her voice was heavy and Luna felt her heart seeming to shatter when the only cat that had cared for her swayed on her paws. Her mother's trembling frame was something she hadn't seen before. Dawn was always strong, with a fire seeming to burn fiercely in her green eyes. Now, she looked crumpled, like a bird that lost its wings.

"There was a time when I hunted in the forest," Dawn rasped, seeming unaware of her surroundings as her green gaze drifted.

"I was part of a group of cat called SkyClan. We were the most powerful in the forest, chasing our prey on the branches of the trees." Dawn's meow was tinged with a rueful note as if she was recalling memories from a lifetime away.

"We lived beside other groups of cats; ShadowClan, RiverClan

and ThunderClan. And for a time, all was well. I chased prey and hunted with my clanmates. After a while, I was even picked to lead Skyclan." Dawn continued. Her proud meow was tinged with a thread of sadness, and a smaller trace of bitterness that Luna could tell Dawn was trying to hide.

Luna pushed the moss closer to her, desperately trying to lick the spreading coldness in her mother's pelt. The fiery light danced in her mother's eyes, even when the warmth from her pelt seeped into the ground as she coughed, her breath rattling in her chest. Luna felt hopelessness weigh her down like a stone.

"You must rest," she insisted, pushing the moss closer to Dawn. Dawn lashed her tail irritably, turning away. Her gaze hardened when she finally gathered enough strength to speak again.

"I planned on having you grow up in the clan. I wanted you to be a SkyClan warrior." A bitter note of regret echoed in her meow, and her eyes sparked with barely contained fire as she struggled to her paws. Her weak frame swaying, Luna quickly pressed her pelt to her mother's side to steady her. She couldn't concentrate on what Dawn was saying. A thousand thoughts were running in her brain as she fought to keep her desperation and panic at bay.

"But after I realized I was expecting kits, I was turned away. The Clans hated me and chased me out. See, Luna? The Clans were so, so cruel. They forced me from my home to the two-leg place. Even your father turned your back on me."

Luna saw her mother dig her claws into the ground and she felt similar anger rising in her chest. She lashed her tail, her eyes burning as she met her mother's sad eyes and shattered meow. *How dare they?* She thought angrily.

Dawn gave a small shudder, panting heavily. "Luna, I hate to ask this of you. I hate to bring you into this, but you're my only choice. But-"

Luna puffed out her chest, heart brimming with determination and newfound anger as she remembered her mother's dream she'd walked in, and how sad Dawn always seemed when walking

through the forests.

"I'll do anything," she promised.

Dawn exhaled. "Oh, my kit. The world will be against you. Just because you're my kit. You must understand, I love you so much and I hate to see you walk this path alone."

Luna padded forward. "I'll do anything for you," she meowed quietly. "I just wish you were with me."

She saw Dawn's eyes flutter closed. "Will you avenge me?" she asked, her frail figure limp.

Luna felt her paws were weighed down with stones as she bounded forward and wrapped her tail around her mother. "Yes. I will take my revenge on the Clans. For you, and for their cruelty."

A whisper of a soft smile tinged Dawn's meow as she laid still, the faintest breaths stirring her pelt. "Your path will be a hard one, my kit. And for that, I am so sorry. I promise on the stars that I will be proud of you, wherever you are. Because you are and will always be my kit."

Luna gave a yowl of grief and felt as if the same stars she loved so much were crashing down onto her world. Bracing against her fear and loneliness, she sat on her paws and unsheathed her claws. "I *will* make you proud. I'll train until I can fight all the clans!"

"I know you will." Dawn purred. Luna had to lean forward to hear her meow. "And when you're ready, follow the star path."

"I promise."

Dawn gave a small nod. Her last words echoed in the twoleg place as she opened her eyes one last time. "Goodbye, Luna. But don't worry my dear kit. I'll walk with your pawsteps and run with you in the stars."

And then, Dawn simply stopped breathing.

Hours later, when the warmth of the sunlight had long faded

from the hard stone, Luna could still hear her mother's meow. A gaping wound hung in her chest, and she was numb with a pain that she couldn't describe.

I'll walk with your pawsteps and run with you in the stars."

"And I will avenge you," Luna meowed out loud to the empty room that was devoid of light.

I promise.

Chapter Six

[image]

A/N: Here is Luna! Hehe thought it was a cute picture :D

Luna swiped her front paws against Snow's broad shoulders, stumbling back as the force of the blow caught her by surprise. She landed on her front paws but steadied herself quickly as she darted away from Snow's blow that was aimed for her ears.

"Stay on your paws and use your tail for balance," the pure-white tomcat suggested as he quickly darted forward, his sheathed paws batting Luna's as she braced against the blow. Luna flicked her tail before standing on her hand legs this time. Her tail swayed slowly beneath her, keeping her lithe body balanced as she swept a paw forward to catch Snow off guard.

"Well done," Snow purred, though he used an expert flick of his paw to brush Luna's blow aside. Luna panted with the effort before dropping the ground.

Snow gave a pleased meow, before joining her. The strong tom seemed hardly out of breath, and he gave Luna a curt nod.

"Soon, you'll be able to travel to Clans," Snow said. Luna's mentor brushed a paw over his ears. Luna shifted, staring at her paws. Her pelt hot with embarrassment, she licked her chest. Snow's words echoed in her head, reminding her of the promise she'd made to Dawn. She felt her eyes burn and her paws turn to stone when she thought about her mother. It'd been a full moon since her mother's death, but it still weighed her down. Luna shook her pelt to clear her head as she dragged herself away from the painful memories.

Mischief shone in Snow's eyes. "I think you might even be better than Silver," he said with a purr, his bright eyes scanning the

forest where Luna trained every day. Snow had suggested Luna train with him every day, in order to practice her battle skills for when she'll need it if she journeyed to the Clans. Worry wormed in Luna's pelt, making the rabbit she'd eaten turn sour in her belly as she thought of the path that was laid out before her. She shuddered. Luna had been sure to train; she'd worked harder and harder each day, pushing herself to be faster and stronger. Sometimes, though she knew Snow and Caramel didn't know, she woke up in the middle of the night to practice battle moves outside their den. In the morning, she was always used to her aching muscles, though it'd gotten better.

She'd grown faster and stronger, though worry still wormed inside her pelt. *Would she ever be good enough? Would she ever revenge-*

"Hey!" A meow of protest sounded from a clump of ferns, dragging her back to reality. Silver rolled out, his grey paws a blur as he bounded towards them. A squirrel swung from his jaws, and he dropped it, his eyes sparkling with indignation.

"Aren't I good at fighting though? I mastered your moves yesterday," he protested.

Snow's eyes were tinged with amusement. "Aren't you supposed to be hunting?"

Silver lashed his tail, sticking his nose into the air. "Well, I caught a squirrel. But then I heard you say that my fighting skills weren't as good as Luna's, so I obviously needed to correct you."

Silver stood up, his front paws lashing clumsily through the air as he fought off an imaginary enemy. Snow's whiskers twitched, and Luna fought to stifle a purr of amusement.

"You're going to fall, mouse-brain," she warned just as Silver toppled over. Luna purred, batting him teasingly before raising herself to repeat the move. "You've got to keep your tail curved so you can balance yourself," she suggested, shooting a gaze at Snow for confirmation. Snow nodded.

Silver nodded, and he shifted on his paws, carefully watching Luna. He shrugged. "I guess you *are* a better fighter than me... But I'm obviously still the better hunter." He puffed out his chest.

"If you think that then you've got bees in your brain-"

"I do *not*!-"

"Why are you guys both fighting like kits?" Snow blinked at them, though it was hard to miss the amusement twinkling in his normally serious gaze. He twitched his tail, turning away. "Come on. Let's bring back the food for Caramel and the rest of them. They're probably hungry."

Luna raised her nose, padding after Snow with Silver close on her heels. They wound their way through the familiar streets.

"Silver, go ahead. I have to talk to Luna." Snow's meow took her by surprise, and she raced to catch up with the white tom. Silver nodded, shooting Luna a questioning glance before bounding away with the squirrel in his jaws. "I go give this to Rose, Lilac and Moss," he said, naming Caramel's kits.

Snow nodded, before turning to Luna.

"Luna." Snow's eyes were glittering with something she couldn't recognize as he padded beside her, his pawsteps light. "I think it might be time."

Luna froze. Her mouth dry, she looked at Snow, flinching under his gaze. "Time for what?" she croaked, although she knew what he was talking about.

"Time for you to travel to the clans," Snow meowed quietly. "There's nothing more than I can teach you. You're a talented fighter; you've just got to think and keep a level head when you're fighting.I'm sure you can beat any cat."

"But...There's so much more you can teach me! I'm not ready. I can't even beat you!" Luna meowed, desperate.

Snow shook his head. "The rest only comes with practice,

which you will have plenty of when you travel. And I'm getting old, I'm not sure if I can teach you more." His eyes glinted with sadness as he shook his pelt, turning his eyes away.

Snow's eyes searched hers. "Luna? Do you want to avenge your mother?"

Luna thrust her muzzle forward, her paws prickling and her pelt bristling. "Of course."

"Then you must go."

Luna's throat was thick with emotion; sadness mingled with excitement as she imagined leaving the safety of her home. Leaving Caramel, Snow, Silver, Marble and the kits... She thought about leaving the memories of her mother, and she shivered.

Oh, stars. Her courage seemed to waver under Snow's gaze, but she lifted her chin.

"I will live at sunrise tomorrow," she decided.

Snow gazed at her sadly, before resting his muzzle on her head. "Luna?"

Luna gazed back at her mentor; Snow was almost like a father she never had, taking care of her when Dawn died. He and Caramel had raised her like she was their own kit. A pang of sadness so deep that it shocked her made her bow her head as she listened to Snow's words.

"Never give up, Luna. Never stop fighting." His eyes seemed to hold stars as they twinkled at her, brimming with unsaid emotions. "Always fight for what you believe in," he whispered.

Luna shivered; the weight of her mother's stare seemed to be on her as she nodded, her pelt bristling and paws itching at the thought of the journey and her path ahead.

"I'll make you proud," she promised.

Chapter Seven

Luna woke to the steady sound of rain pounding against her den. She stretched, her tail curling as she stifled a yawn.

Outside, the soft yellow rays of sunlight could be seen at the top of the hill; the gentle hues softened the sharp edges of the grey two-leg buildings that surrounded her. Glancing up, Luna could just make out the faint outline of stars above her, though they soon shrouded by dawn's new light. The soft snores of Luna's denmates faded behind her as she padded outside, worry and sadness weighing down on her paws like heavy stones.

Luna's tail swished slowly through the air, marvelling at peace the rain brought her. The soft rain above her floats in gentle waves as if gravity is a soft music from the Earth, a sweet beckoning serenade. Each drop bequeaths itself unto the cooling air, falling steadily as they breathe life into the soft soil beneath Luna's paws. The she-cat twitched her tail and let out a soft purr, oblivious to the droplets drenching her calico pelt.

Outside, Luna's thoughts were free to roam as silence accompanied her. For a few moments, she focused on the loneliness that seemed to cloak her as she let her thoughts wander to her mother; and the lingering sadness Dawn's death had left behind.

As she watched the stars soon give away completely to the sun, Luna could feel the presence of Dawn beside her. Dawn's guidance seemed to beckon to her, the spirit urging her forward. Towards justice. Towards *revenge.*

"Luna!" SIlver's meow took her by surprise, and she stumbled on her paws as she jumped up. Silver's normally teasing gaze was solemn as he stared at her.

"Sorry," she meowed, realizing she probably looked like a half-drowned cat who had bees in their brain. "I was just...thinking."

To her surprise, instead of teasing her, Silver only blinked before dipping his head in understanding.

"I suppose it's time to say goodbye, then?" Luna continued, walking back to the den. Luna had talked to Silver, Caramel and Marble after her conversation with Snow. They'd all been devasted, but willing to let her go. The den was quiet that night, as each cat had whispered their goodbyes to Luna.

She tried to fight the feelings of sadness as she turned her head away, squeezing her eyes shut so that Silver wouldn't see the emotions she was working so hard to hide.

We will see each other again, she promised herself fiercely. *I will come back. After I avenge Dawn, I will see all of them again.*

"Actually, that's what I wanted to talk to you about," Silver said. His tail flicked, and he pawed the ground anxiously with a grey paw. They shook their pelts as they walked into the den. Marble was nursing her kits in the corner, and she blinked sadly when she met Luna's gaze. Luna's heart squeezed painfully, realizing she'll miss seeing them grow up.

Snow and Caramel were whispering in the corner, their meow too soft for Luna to make out. They raised their head, and their sad gaze seemed to be directed towards Silver, who nodded slightly. Luna felt his pelt prickle beside her when Snow gave a small nod in answer, while Caramel simply turned her head away.

The calico she-cat tilted her head in confusion, before meeting Silver's gaze.

The young tomcat took a deep breath

"Luna? I want to come with you. I want to help you avenge your mother."

A/N: Hey readers~ What do you guys think about the new cover?

Chapter Eight

[image]

Silver flicked his tail, his eyes darting from his parents to Luna as he waited for his answer. Luna could only gaze at him, her eyes wide. In the corner, Marble shushed her kits and swept them up next to her with her white tail.

"But...Are you sure? This isn't your battle to fight," Luna meowed softly, her eyes meeting his. His eyes were the colour of dove feathers, a soft grey hue reminded her of moonlight. As she stood in front of him, she lost her train of thought as she paused, marvelling at the way the sunlight seemed to make his eyes dance like the silver stars she'd loved to watch when she was a kit. Her heart warmed at the thought of having Silver's company, but guilt prickled on her pelt when she caught a glimpse of Snow and Caramel's devastated expression. She forced her heart to harden. *The others need him more than I do*, she told herself sternly.

"You can't leave your parents! And what about Marble and her kits? Oh, Silver, thank you for offering, but there's no way-"

"I've talked to them." Silver's meow was firm when he looked at her, though he shifted on his paws."I want to come. I can help you! And it's not safe to be journeying through unknown territory. I can help protect you!"

Luna stifled a purr, her eyes shining with gratitude when she looked at him. "I don't need protecting, mouse-brain."

"Then I'll come to keep you company. And it can't hurt to have an extra paw around. I know you're strong, Luna, but you won't know what you're walking into."

The last sentence was whispered, and Luna dipped her head.

"Luna, it's alright." Caramel's soft meow forced her to look up. The kind she-cat's blue eyes were sad, though they were tinged with

hope. Marble and Snow nodded agreement beside her, their eyes glittering as they watched the exchange.

"We agreed for SIlver to go."Caramel's eyes blinked at Silver before she bounded over and pressed her muzzle against his son's. "We love both of you. And you two need to stay together, to protect each other."

Luna felt a fierce wave of gratitude, and she looked at Caramel, blinking to keep her emotions in check. She couldn't find the right words, so she simply pressed her muzzle against Caramel's.

"We will hunt for Marble and the kits while you're gone," Snow said. He flexed his claws, amusement dancing in his gaze. "We might be older than you, but we're not elders yet!"

Silver let out a mrrow of affection and bounded to his father. Snow dipped his head, whispering something to Silver Luna couldn't make out. Silver's eyes shone, and his pawsteps seemed to be filled with confidence as he padded back.

"Best to get going now," Snow meowed gruffly. He turned his head, and Luna pretended not to see the sadness that he was trying to hide in his gaze.

"Thank you," Luna whispered to Silver as he walked to stand beside her. He smiled, shifting on his paws.

"We're best friends, Luna," Silver replied. "Where you go, I go."

Luna purred as she took her first steps to her legacy, with Silver right beside her.

She looked from the young tom to the clear-blue sky and closed her eyes, willingly Dawn to hear her next words.

This is for you, mother.

A/N: Wow! Just noticed "Lost Stars" got 200 reads! Thank you so much, everyone :) Hehe, I'm pretty new to writing warriors fanfic, so I'm super

grateful that you guys think it's somewhat decent! (I didn't even expect to get any readers ahhh!)

Chapter Nine

Follow the star path.

Dawn's words echoed in Luna's head as she padded through the two leg streets, with Silver silent beside her. The young tom's pelt brushed hers, reassuring her as she wove her way through the dark alleys. Casting an anxious glance towards Silver, Luna briefly wondered whether he was regretting his choice to come with her.

Silver lifted his head to meet her gaze. He seemed to understand the worry etched in Luna's eyes, and he flicked his tail. Wordlessly, he pressed his flank against hers, his silver eyes blinking. *I'm not going anywhere*, he seemed to say.

"We'll probably make it out of the twoleg place by sunset," Luna murmured, casting a look at the sky. They'd travelled all day, stopping once to hunt and dig through the cans for two-leg scraps. Though Luna's paws ached from walking, her breath eased with every step they'd taken away from the crowded two-leg buildings. The young calico she-cat shook her pelt, stretching her neck to look at the clear blue sky. She purred softly, looking forward to when she'd finally feel grass under her paws, instead of the hard, bitter two-leg stone she'd gotten so used to.

Silver dipped his head. "We should probably rest as soon as we get out." Luna was just about to murmur agreement when a sharp bark echoed in the distance, temporarily shattering their silence. Immediately, she felt her claws slide out on instinct, as she pricked her ears. Silver lifted his head to taste the air.

"It's not close," he said, his tail twitching. "But we better hurry."

Luna slunk into the shadows that the two-leg buildings cast over the road, forcing her pelt to lay smooth. Silver seemed to relax beside her, as the shadows wrapped around them like a protective

veil. The two cats trotted forward, their paws silent against the stone.

"Luna? Do you know where the clans are?"

At Silver's question, Luna licked her chest as she thought desperately for an answer. Where *are* the clans? Her thoughts drifted to the last words her mother had told her, before lingering to that blurry memory of vibrant green leaves and twisted oak trees. Luna frowned. She'd gotten that memory from her mother, many moons ago when she was just a kit. It had become blurry around the edges, but she was sure it was her mother's memory of her life as Dawnstar.

Puzzled, she shook her head to clear it. "I'm not sure," she admitted, dipping her head as she licked her chest to hide her anxiety and embarrassment.

"But I think Dawn said to 'follow the star path' before she...." The words were stuck in her throat, and she quickly glanced away. *It's been moons*, she chided herself, as she waited for the dull pain in her heart to fade. "-before she died," she forced herself to say.

Silver blinked at her, his gaze sympathetic and warm.

"I'm not sure what she meant by that, though," Luna meowed. She sighed, glancing at the sky, hoping for a clue. Desperation clawed at her throat, as she forced herself to stop trembling. *You'll figure it out*, she repeated to herself. Luna wondered how much she'll have to repeat it in order to believe it. Her eyes closed briefly. *Oh, stars. Dawn, I don't want to let you down."*

"Maybe we should wait until night. Maybe it'll be clearer when we see the stars," Silver suggested.

Luna blinked gratefully at him. "That's a great idea," she meowed. "We could ask the kittypets living at the edge of the town. Maybe they saw Dawn arrive, and remember something about which direction she came from." Her heart hopeful, Luna pelted forward, ignoring the ache in her paws.

"Come on!"

Silver gave a mrrow of laughter, before racing after her. His pawsteps pounded behind her as the first traces of the setting sun dyed the clouds pink.

The two cats ran under the setting sun; as threads of light lingered in the sky, mingling with the rolling clouds and tall buildings, dyeing the heavens first orange, then red, then dark blue. They ran until all that was left of the sunset was a chalky mauve that melted away in turn as stygian darkness took over the sky.

Chapter Ten

[image]

Luna swayed on her paws, her head dipped and tail drooped in exhaustion. Silver was silent beside her, but she could sense his weariness in his normally bright eyes. They crested the hill, and Luna gave a small meow of relief at the feeling of soft grass underneath her paws, so different from the feeling of hard two-leg stone.

She cast a glance back. In the dark, the outline of the two-leg buildings rose sharply into the sky, and she shivered. The night air was crisp, and she raised her head to look at the stars. They were like a promise of life and warmth in the darkness, their light seeming so fragile against the expanse of nothingness.

Luna was pulled back into memories; memories of her days spent staring at the same stars, wondering what secrets those silver lights held. She shut her eyes, and for a fleeting second, she could almost smell her mother's scent.

She shook her head to clear it, before pulling her thoughts away from the past. She nudged Silver, who was staring at the stars with the same awe.

"You should rest. I'll stand guard and look for any signs."

"You need rest too," Silver meowed in protest.

Luna turned away, trying to hide the weariness on her face. "It's okay. I'm not that tired," she lied. She scented the air, her chin raised. There was no trace of dog, and she let out a soft breath of relief before padding to a smooth stone that jutted from the bottom of the hill. Silver followed, stopping periodically to pick up twigs and soft leaves in his jaw.

The hollow underneath the rock was dry, though the ground was hard underneath Luna's paws. Silver quickly laid down his

twigs, building a temporary den. He paused to let out a huge yawn, his eyes dulled with weariness.

"Get some sleep, bee-brain," Luna teased, cuffing him gently over the head.

Silver blinked at her gratefully, before laying his muzzle on his paws. "Wake me up at dawn. I'll hunt while you sleep," he murmured.

Soon, soft snores soon filled the den.

Feeling suddenly alone, the calico she-cat sighed quietly, before her paws led her out of the cave. Her eyes drifted to the stars, thinking about Dawn's words.

The stars didn't seem to lead anywhere; much less form a trail. They were scattered, dotting the sky with no apparent pattern. Frustrated, Luna flicked her tail, running a paw over her knotted fur.

She stretched, stifling a yawn. All was quiet over the moor, and from her vantage point on the hill, the twoleg buildings were only looming shadows far away.

"Oh Dawn," Luna whispered. "What in the world do you want me to follow? What is the star trail?"

As she expected, silence greeted her. Luna was just about to turn away and walk back into the den when a voice sounded from behind her.

"Why are *you* looking for the star trail?"

Chapter Eleven

Luna whirled around, her claws already unsheathed as she stared into the darkness. Her eyes narrowed, pelt bristling as she padded back cautiously, stepping in front of the hollow to keep Silver out of sight.

From out behind a clump of bushes slid out a tortoiseshell grey she-cat, followed closely by a tom with striking copper eyes. The she-cat's eyes glinted through the darkness, and though they were wrapped in shadows, Luna could make out powerful muscles tensed underneath their pelts.

Luna stiffened, a growl rising in her throat. The she-cat lowered her eyes, before walking under the moonlight.

"I *asked*; why are you looking for the star path?" The cat's eyes were narrowed, her tail bristled as she glared at Luna, a challenge in sparkling in her amber eyes. The tom quickly stepped forward. His brown coat was dappled with darker shades, and he laid his tail tip on the she-cat's shoulder. *They're rogues*, Luna realized with a start. Their powerful muscles and confident demeanour hinted that they had their fair share of fighting to defend their territory.

"Calm down, Leia," he meowed softly, murmuring into her ear. "Perhaps it's a coincidence"

Slowly, the she-cat backed, her hackles lowering though she still kept her teeth bared.

"I *am* looking for the star path," Luna said, raising her chin. Her claws dug into the dirt, and she briefly wondered whether she could fight both of the cats. She cast a look at the den, making out Silver's undetected shape in the corner. He hadn't stirred, and Luna walked a few steps away from their den, trying to divert their attention. "I'm not bothering you, I'm just passing by."

The she-cat named Leia met Luna's gaze steadily. "Then

explain why we both had a vision warning us that you would come?"

Luna narrowed her eyes in confusion. "What?" she echoed.

The tom shook his head, brown eyes clouded in confusion. "Not really a warning," he murmured. He shook his pelt and blinked at Leia. "It's more of a... a prophecy, I think," he said.

Luna stayed silent, subtly glancing at his features. Was it some kind of lie? She shook her pelt nervously and forced her pelt to lay flat. Or was Dawn trying to help her somehow? By sending the cats a vision?

Leia gave a small nod. "There's no way to be sure, though," she meowed hesitantly. She narrowed her eyes at Luna, before flicking a tail at her. "We were worried the vision meant you would bring more cats to invade our home. But you seem harmless. And you're outnumbered right now." Leia glanced at the tom, who was staring thoughtfully at the calico she-cat.

"The vision kept on repeating one sentence," he meowed, gazing intently. "Leia and I dreamed of cats with stars in their pelts, who told us that 'the cat of the moon who follows the star path shall save the clans; for to face the oncoming storm that looms, the cat who gazes back into the past of shadows shall carry the light in her paws.'"

Luna gaped at the tom in shock, before taking a tentative path forward. "You know of the clans?" she asked, suddenly hopeful.

"'Yes, but we don't know what they are," the tom said with a shrug. "After that, the cats just showed us what the star path meant. They kept on saying 'they are coming', and Leia thought it was an omen-"

"Branch!," Leia hissed, her eyes blazing. "Don't give it all away. We don't even know if we can trust her!"

Luna shifted on her paws, her pelt prickling with

annoyance. She tried to force her fur to lie flat as she leaned forward, faking casual interest though her heart pounded with the new information. *Saving the clans? Oncoming storm? Past of shadows?*

She shook her head to clear it. "What did the star-pelt cats show you?" she asked.

Leia growled, swishing a tail. "Wait!" She said, interrupting Branch who had opened his mouth to speak.

"You have to come with us to see our leader. He's wise, and can decide what to do with you after you tell him your story." Branch dipped his head and gave a flick of his tail. Luna followed, trying to hide her unease at the thought of going into a strange territory alone. She glanced back at Silver's sleeping form.

I've got to go alone, she decided, shuddering at the thought of having to battle fierce rogue cats.

And with that, she followed the rogues into the shadows.

~Note~

Hello!

Thanks for reading "The Lost Stars." :)

This is just a short message informing you guys about the new book I've written; also a Warriors Fanfiction, but with original clans and other concepts that I've been working on for quite a while.

If you would like to read it, click on my profile! The book is called "Crown of Silver."

Actually, *small spoiler and some foreshadowing...* it sort of ties in with "Lost Stars."

Again, be sure to check it out if it sounds interesting! If not, that's totally okay too!

(I will just be slower to update because I'm juggling two writing projects at once)

-Ryn (XxCatOfTheStarsxX)

Chapter Twelve

Luna fought her instincts to run away from the looming twoleg buildings as she followed Leia and Branch.

Briefly, she considered running away, but one glance at the two rogues showed powerful muscles and light paws. Luna turned away, flicking her tail in irritation. She wouldn't be able to outrun both of them.

Luna stifled a yawn as her thoughts grew dull with weariness and the familiar feeling of sore muscles and tired paws. She stretched, ignoring the suspicious look Leia shot her.

They neared a huge twoleg building, a little set apart from the other polished dens. The red colour was long faded, with only small traces of red that hinted at what it must have once looked like. Thick patches of ivy wove through the opening, curling around the edges and blocking off the gaps in the wall. Luna paused; a musky scent hung in the air and she raised her chin, trying to peer through the ivy.

But with a soft hiss, Leia bounded to her side, blocking Luna's view of what may lay inside. Luna forced her fur to lie flat, and she followed Branch obediently through the opening.

Inside, the familiar tang of two-leg buildings was softened by a muskier smell. Small rustles in the corner of the den hinted at a mouse, and Luna felt her mouth water. But her attention was soon drawn away by a soft meowing sound. Startled, the young she-cat glanced at a corner where a dark bundle hinted at another shape of a cat. As she padded forward, Leia almost knocked her over as she bounded over to the meowing bundle.

"It's okay, my kits," she murmured softly, her pale fur hiding the kits from view. She looked up, brown eyes casting a baleful look at

Luna. "We're safe," Leia meowed soothingly.

Luna took a cautious step back, feeling an unexpected wave of compassion for the she-cat. She had kits! Perhaps that was why she was so suspicious of the prophecy the vision carried.

As Branch led her further into the strange den, Luna was suddenly aware of cats, their pelts hidden in the shadows as they gazed at her curiously. She passed a ginger tom who blinked at her, before disappearing further into the corners. A pair of she-cats glanced at her, before quickly turning away, their murmured whispers following after her.

There must be at least ten cats here, Luna realized, fighting a jolt of panic as she ducked her head. Finally, Branch section of the den separated by growing moss that curled around the opening. He blinked at her, almost sympathetically, before gently nudging her inside.

When Luna's eyes adjusted to the darkness, she found herself looking at a tom with dark grey stripes and brilliant green eyes that glinted as his gaze met hers. Grey fur lined his muscles, and his expression was sage as he blinked at her calmly.

"This is Luna," Branch meowed, flicking his tail. He dipped his head, eyes blazing with respect. "I brought him to you, father. I believe she is the cat the prophecy is talking about."

The tom's eyes flashed briefly with an emotion Luna couldn't describe, before he nodded.

"Then there's much we need to talk about."

Chapter Thirteen

[image]

A/N: Hey look! It's Tree! Hmmmm he looks familiar, doesn't he? Almost as if he was in the original Warriors series.... ;)

The tom gazed at Luna, his expression thoughtful as he tilted his head.

Luna blinked. The tom seemed to radiate calm, his amber eyes unflinching as they met the calico's sharp gaze. Silver fur on his muzzle hinted that he wasn't as young as he appeared to be, but powerful muscles still rippled underneath his sleek pelt as he padded towards Luna, his steps cautious.

"My name is Tree," he said, dipping his head. He flicked his tail to Branch. "As you know, this is my son."

Luna nodded, trying to hide a flash of impatience as she glanced outside. Dawn was already approaching, and she shifted on her paws nervously, wondering if Silver had woken up yet.

Tree's gaze seemed to slide off hers for a moment as his eyes glazed over. He stood as still as a rock, muzzle slightly raised and ears pricked as if looking at something far away. Branch glanced at Luna, before dipping his head to his father.

"I think I'd better check on the others," the younger tom murmured before casting an anxious look at Luna. Soon, his form disappeared into the shadows, leaving Luna and Tree alone in the darkness.

Abruptly, Tree swung his head to look at Luna. The yellow tom blinked at her for a few seconds, before shaking his pelt. "Dawn is here to see you," he meowed softly.

Luna stumbled back, her paws seeming to turn to stone as she gazed at him in shock. "But she's...she's dead," she whispered, equal

parts in fear and in shock. Then, she leapt away, casting a gaze at the empty den. Shafts of sunlight fell onto the stone floor, but all was dark.

Tree shrugged, his tail tip flicking as he licked a paw. "I know. But she's here. And she wants to speak to you."

Luna gazed into the old tom's amber eyes, which blinked back at her, soft and unflinching.

"Why is she here? Where is she?"

"Why don't you ask her yourself?"

He flicked his tail, padding aside with his gaze trained on the spot where he had sat earlier.

But it wasn't empty. In his place, a slender she-cat with a sleek brown coat and striking grey eyes gazed at Luna, her fur translucent as she padded forward, purring.

"Luna," she meowed, seeming to glow with pleasure as she saw her daughter. "It's great to see you again."

Chapter Fourteen

"Dawn!"

Luna's heart leapt inside her chest as she caught a glimpse of her mother's sleek form and familiar warm eyes, and she bounded towards her, stifling a purr. Dawn looked healthy, her fur was sleek and her eyes were bright; almost nothing like the weak cat she was in her last breaths.

She skidded a few feet away from Dawn, suddenly realising that she could see the walls of Tree's den through her mother's coat.

"Luna! Oh, I've missed you, and I'm proud of you." Dawn padded forward, dipping her head to look at her daughter. "And look how you've grown!" She blinked sadly at Luna, before shaking herself as if trying to regain her composure.

The calico cat twitched her whiskers as a sudden burst of coldness blossomed near her chest, making her shiver. She glanced quickly at Dawn, realising with a start that the sense of coldness had come from her mother. Confused, she glanced at Tree, who was also staring at Dawn, his head tilted as if deep in thought.

"Tree. Thank you for allowing Luna to see me, if only for a few minutes. You don't know how important this is to me."

"Of course. I understand I've lost family, too." At this, the wise tom dipped his head, before padding away. His pawsteps faded, leaving Dawn and Luna alone.

"Tree's powers are very special. I've been following your journey, and he has allowed you to see me, if only just for a little while," Dawn meowed, in answer to her daughter's questioning gaze.

"I'm glad you've been watching me from the stars," Luna meowed softly. She cast her gaze to the sky, before murmuring softly. "I've got to get back soon, though. Silver will be wondering where I am."

"Of course. Which is why we need to talk fast."

Dawn's form flickered, and she gave a wail of disbelief as she gazed at her paws. "Luna!"

Her urgency sent another cold shiver down Luna's pelt, and she forced her fur to lay flat.

"You'll see the path of the stars tomorrow; make sure you talk to a kittypet. They know what it all means; tell them to lead you to the places where you can see the stars fall. Follow it, and you'll reach the forest by two days."

Luna's thoughts whirled in her head as she gazed at Dawn, who was staring at her in both fear and anguish.

"Oh, Luna. I don't want to go back. It's lonely in the place where I walk now..."

"You'll never be alone," the calico cat meowed fiercely. "And I *will* avenge you, even if I have to walk to the stars and back."

Chapter Fifteen

[image]

Luna dipped her head to Tree, and the tom blinked at her with his wise, steady gaze.

"Thank you for letting me see my mother again, but I have to get back to Silver," the calico cat meowed as the pair padded out of the two leg building. The first rays of sunlight were already turning the clouds a soft hue of pink and gold; and Luna yawned, not realizing how tired she was.

Tree said nothing, only turning his head slightly to glance at her. His amber eyes shone with something akin to sadness, and he lowered his head, his thoughts seeming to a world away.

"I think I know the cat your mother was talking about. A kittypet arrived just a moon ago, and if anyone knows who the silver path means, it will be her."

Luna nodded. "Thank you, Tree," she meowed earnestly. She turned to meet the tom's gaze. "But why are you helping me?"

"You remind me of a cat I once knew," he meowed simply, before Branch bounded over to join them. He gave Luna a polite nod, and turned to his father, who dipped his head. Around them, curious cats turned their heads, their wary gaze following the she-cat.

"Luna needs to go now. She has seen what she needed to see. But first, could you see if you could get Echo to come here, please? I think she needs to meet Luna." Tree's meow was soft as he waved a tail towards Branch.

"Of course. I think she's in her den," Branch said, bounding away.

Soon, he came back with a pure white she-cat. A grey collar glinted at her throat, and her blue eyes shone with curiosity as she stared at Luna.

"Hello. You are the cat who seeks revenge?" Her meow was soft, and her eyes drifted before Branch gently prodded her.

"I'm looking for the Silver path," Luna meowed urgently, casting a glance outside. The sun was already starting to rise, and she knew Silver would wake soon.

"The silver path. Such a beautiful moment. The stars fall, and it's almost as if the sky itself is falling. The two legs call it the shooting star..." Echo blinked, before shaking her head. "Tomorrow, I believe."

"Where is it? Where can I see it?" Luna felt her pelt prickle with anticipation. She was *so close.*

"In the sky, of course," the white she-cat purred.

"Thank you, Echo," Branch quickly meowed. Luna echoed his thanks and dipped her head to the she-cat, who was already starting to wander away.

"Echo is wise, even though sometimes she comes across as...strange," Tree meowed, flicking his tail. "Anyways, I imagine it would be best if you waited until tonight. The hill where your den is will let you see the star path quite clearly."

Luna nodded. "I should get back now."

Branch's brown eyes shone as he pressed his muzzle against her cheek. "It was nice meeting you," he purred.

"Thank you. For everything."

And with that, Luna bounded away, until she was no more than a streak of white against the rising sun.

Tree watched the young cat's silhouette disappear, feeling an unfamiliar pang in his heart.

"May StarClan light your path," he meowed softly, too quietly for anyone to hear but him.

Chapter Sixteen

[image]

Luna quivered in excitement as she lifted her head to gaze at the sky; which was turning from soft indigo to a vibrant azure blue.

The last rays of sunlight were already disappearing, engulfed by the two-leg dens in the distance.

She glanced quickly at Silver, who was blinking at her, seemingly equal parts sad and weary.

"I'm sorry, Silver," Luna meowed quietly, dipping her head. "I didn't want you to be in danger because of me." She looked down at her paws, shifting as she gave her chest an embarrassed lick.

Silver flicked his tail, keeping a steady gaze on the calico she-cat. "Luna," he said quietly. "You know I accepted, I *expected* that I would be in danger when decided to leave and come with you. I don't mind being in danger if it means we're together. I think...I think that's what being friends mean."

Luna felt her heart swell with gratitude, and she purred softly. "Thanks, Silver. And I really am sorry."

Silver nodded, before giving Luna a quick nod. He padded to join Luna at the crest of the hill, and the two watched the sky fade to indigo, and then a dark blue.

"Do you think Echo was right?" Luna asked, trembling as she gazed at the Starpelt above. Already, the first few speckles of stars were already appearing; like pinpricks of scattered light against a velvet, intangible darkness.

Silver said nothing, only laid his tail on her shoulder, his presence comforting Luna as much as the stars did above.

And then, she saw it.

It began as a single streak of light; a thousand hues of yellow and orange on the dark canvas of the sky. Luna watched, amazed and entranced as the sky was soon filled with a million streaks of light; all seeming to fall together towards a place far away.

"It's almost as if the stars are falling," she murmmered, closing her eyes and she felt a soft breeze ruffle her fur.

She blinked sadly at the streaks of light. "The death of a star is so sad, Silver. Yet how is it so beautiful at once?"

Silver gently batted Luna's head. "You're thinking too much, furball," he meowed affectionately. But Luna saw the reflection of the falling stars in his gaze, and she smiled at the kit-like wonder etched on his features.

Luna nudged him gently. "C' mon. I think it's time we follow the star path." She meowed, gazing at the direction the shooting stars were pointing.

A vast open moor before them, and two sunrises of walking.

But the memory of her mother's desperation turned Luna's paws to stone, and she walked forward, her head held high. Silver quickly followed her, bound to catch up with her quick strides.

"Don't worry, Luna." He meowed, his voice comforting like always.

Soon, the two cats' silhouettes were swallowed by the darkness, until only the sky with the streaks of seemingly never-ending light remained.

Chapter Seventeen

Luna staggered into the bushes, fighting the urge to flop down onto the moss-covered forest floor and finally relieve her aching paws.

"We're here, Luna," coaxed Silver, his voice weary but still tinged with excitement. He nudged Luna gently, his silver eyes sparkling with pride as he glanced at the new scenery around them. It had been two sun-rises; two full days of walking to finally reach the forest and the lake where the clans were.

Luna raised her head, glancing at the sun above their head. She wondered whether Dawn was watching her and whether her mother was proud. Yet there was a sharp pang of doubt as she gazed on the arching white pine reaching high into the sky and the crisp, blue sky. It reminded her of a moment long ago; when she was a kit and had somehow stumbled into her mother's thoughts...

The memory caused her to hesitate in confusion as she stared at the mottled grass beneath her feet and the vast, endless sky broken only by the graceful, white branches of the pine surrounding her.

This must be the clan where Dawn was from, she realized with a start.

"Silver," she meowed softly in warning as she scented the air. All was quiet and still, though the unmistakable scent of cats filled the air. She shivered, wondering what if would be like to fight clan cats.

But I must, she told herself sharply, and she cringed at the thoughts of her claws drawing blood.

Silver unsheathed his claws beside her and glanced at Luna, his tail flicking and silver eyes holding hers in a silent question.

Luna felt another deep pang of gratefulness towards the loyal grey tom and purred softly.

"We should go to the two-leg place to rest for now," she meowed, padding away. She cast a wary gaze at the forest, her pelt suddenly prickling.

"We can come back next sun-up to scout when we're more well-rested," she suggested as Silver dipped his head in agreement. But the prickling sensation didn't leave, nor did the unease as her gaze swept the forest, more carefully this time. Her gaze narrowed, and her claws quickly unsheathed as she caught a shadow moving, to the right of a holly bush.

She stared, but the forest remained still and silent.

I'm too tired, I'm hallucinating, she decided, before giving Silver a quick flick of her tail; she gazed at the twoleg place, which seemed so far away in the distance. She felt herself sag, but Silver quickly bounded over to join her.

She turned her back and was just about to leave when a cry echoed, followed by rustling leaves and pawsteps.

Her eyes flashed as she whirled around, meowing a curse as the forest seemed to explode.

"ShadowClan, attack!'

Chapter Eighteen

[image]

Luna hissed as a group of warriors surged from the forest, eyes ablaze and claws unsheathed.

How had they crept up on her? Luna wondered irritably as she took a few cautious steps backwards, with Silver pressing against her side. She felt her heart pound painfully in her chest as she flicked her tail. *Had Shadowclan known she was coming to seek revenge for her mother?* Luna narrowed her eyes at the prospect of losing the elements of surprise.

She glanced quickly at Silver, who gave her a small nod in response to her unspoken question.

If worst comes to worst, we will fight, Luna decided, and she was surprised by the pang of dread pooling in her chest at the thought of fighting...

The ShadowClan warriors; two toms and a she-cat, padded forward, their eyes narrowed and fur standing up.

"What are you doing here? This is ShadowClan territory, and you sure don't smell like any clan cat," the she-cat hissed sharply, her blue eyes quickly flitting from Luna to Silver. Her grey dappled fur gleamed under the sunlight, and Luna could see powerful muscles rippling underneath her pelt.

"Frostpool, calm down. They barely look older than an apprentice." A broad-shouldered black tom said soothingly, before shooting a warning gaze at Luna and Silver.

"But the prophecy! Briarstar said to make sure-"

This came from a small russet-furred tom, who was then abruptly silenced by a look from the she-cat. The russet-furred tom ducked his head apologetically, but still hissed warningly at Luna and

Silver.

"We're just passing through," Luna meowed lightly. "We heard of the clans and the warriors that live in the forest, so we were curious." She addressed the silver she-cat, who seemed to be the leader of the group.

The she-cat, whom the tom had addressed as Frostpool, blinked at Luna and Silver for a minute, before flicking her tail.

"Times are uncertain," she meowed finally. "Which is why we can't let you two go. We will escort you to Brairstar, and she can decide what to do with you."

The she-cat nodded to her companions, who immediately circled around Luna and Silver, leading them into the forest. The black tom and the russet tom stood on both sides, with Frostpool leading them.

"You're badly outnumbered, so don't try anything," the russet cat warned. Silver gave an obedient nod, but Luna was lost in thought.

The clan cats seemed oblivious to her motives, and obviously, they'd believed Luna's explanation and thought she and Silver were just pesky, harmless rogues passing through.

Perhaps... Luna gazed up to the sky, almost feeling Dawn's presence beside her.

Perhaps I can use this to my advantage...

Chapter Nineteen

The forest was even bigger than Luna had imagined. The sprawling branches of pine trees provided a canopy, leaving the air damp and cool even though the sun was shining fiercely.

Wrapped in the inky darkness, Luna let her other senses guide her, as she leapt gracefully over hidden rocks and branches, feeling strangely at ease in the unfamiliar territory. *Almost...Almost as if she had been here before...*

Silver stumbled, hissing as his silver fur got snagged on a branch. Luna quickly edged closer to him, helping him make his way over the rough terrain. The silver tom licked his chest fur but gave Luna a grateful nod of his head. The black tom gave them a sympathetic look as they trudged further into the forest.

"ShadowClan territory is hard to navigate," he said, flicking his tail to the surrounding darkness. "ShdaowClan-born cats grow up learning how to use their other senses..."

He puffed his chest out proudly before Frostpool silenced him with an icy glare. The swift she-cat turned her gaze thoughtfully to Luna, watching her leap gracefully over a fallen log. Her eyes narrowed, but she stayed silent.

Soon, they arrived at a clearing, where there was a small dip in the flat land. There, Luna could see the different pelts of cats, though most of them were kits and nursing mothers.

"Stay away from the nursery," Frostpool warned them, as she guided them to a stump overlooking the camp. A few cats glanced up, their gazes wary as they followed Luna and Silver.

"Are you Thunderclan?" A small dappled kit meowed, quickly bounding forward to them. Her gaze shining as she unsheathed her tiny claws. "I'm Streamkit, and I'm going to fight-"

She was abruptly silenced by a beautiful grey she-cat, who whipped a fluffy tail over the small kit's mouth.

"Hush, Streamkit," she scolded, dragging the little kit back. The grey she-cat glanced at Silver and Luna, before disappearing into a small den covered by thick leaves.

"So this is ShadowClan," Silver meowed softly. He blinked thoughtfully, before turning to Luna.

"What do we do?" he meowed, quietly so that the other cats couldn't hear.

"I think I have an idea," Luna replied, her voice low as she watched the russet tom bound into the stump. "Just follow my lead."

There was a soft murmur of meows inside the den, and Luna pricked her ears as beautiful she-cat with brown eyes and long orange-red fur emerged. The other cats quickly dipped their head, and it was Frostpool who finally spoke.

"We found these rogues on ShadowClan borders," she meowed, addressing the leader. "We were going to chase them away, but we weren't sure, because of the prophecy...So we brought them to you."

Brairstar glanced thoughtfully at Luna and Silver, and Luna felt her fur prickle.

"Very well. Thank you, Frostpool. You can go eat and patrol the borders again at sun-high. I'll decide what to do with these two. And please summon Juniperfrost and Featherwing to my den." Briarstar's expression was unreadable as she dismissed the cats, and Luna's heart pounded in her chest. She felt Silver stiffen beside her.

Frostpool nodded, flicking her tail to the other cats, who quickly bowed their head to the leader before padding away.

Brairstar stared at them for another second, before finally flicking her tail.

"You two have come at last." There was a spark of relief in her dark brown eyes.

"What..?"

Luna's fear was immediately replaced by confusion, and she exchanged a bewildered glance with Silver.

Briarstar gave a small sigh. "The prophecy. You two are the cats the prophecy foretold. You will save our clans."

Chapter Twenty

"There's no way that's true. If you think that, you've got bees in your brain!"

Briarstar only blinked at Luna calmly, before turning her steady gaze to study Silver, whose grey eyes were narrowed in confusion.

He blinked at Luna, who flicked her tail, her ears twitching as she gazed at the ShadowClan leader. There was no way they could possibly save the clans... Her only goal was to *destroy* the clans and take revenge for Dawn. Briarstar must've gotten her mixed up with some other cat.

"It can't be a coincedence that you stumble across the clans now. Especially only a sun-up after the prophecy has been issued. When you hear the words of the prophecy, you'll understand. And it hardly matters that you two aren't clanborn, we weren't expecting-"

"But-"

Briarstar silenced Luna with a quick wave of her tail. Her gaze was soft but firm as she purred softly to comfort Luna, who had cast Silver a look of desperation.

"I understand that you both must be tired and confused, but please. Try to keep an open mind," she meowed finally. Outside, the leaves in front of her den rustled, announcing the arrival of several more cats.

"Come in, Juniperfrost and Featherwing."

Briarstar's voice was tinged with relief, and she swung her head to the two cats that padded in through the opening of the den.

A pure white she-cat with a single grey paw and soft grey eyes blinked curiously at Luna and Silver, before her eyes suddenly widened. Luna tilted her head, noticing the look, but the she-cat quickly hid it with a look of polite curiosity.

The other cat was black, with white paws and bright green eyes. He dipped his head to Briarstar, before turning his cool, unreadable gaze to look at the pair.

He opened his mouth to speak, but it was the she-cat named Featherwing who spoke first, her meow quiet but firm.

"Luna. Silver. We've been expecting you."

A/N: Sorry for the short chapter today; got caught up on some work. *Sigh.* Homework sucks.

~Dedications~

A/N: I think it's about high time I did a dedication and thank you page. So here we go:

Thank you very much to my first readers; I can't begin to thank you all for your commitment to reading this book! You guys were my motivation and to be quite honest, I would've stopped writing on wattpad a long time ago if you all hadn't been there :)

Major shoutout to:

Everyone go follow these very cool people :)

*And heads up! Next chapter update will be here in 2 days

Chapter Twenty One

[image]

"Featherwing. Briarstar. You're sure?" It was the black tom who spoke, his eyes flitting from the white cat to the leader. Luna felt her pelt prickle when he swung his cool gaze to stare at her. There was something in his eyes... Something that made the calico cat stiffen, yanking her eyes away from the stare of the tom.

"Yes, Juniperfrost. It is them. I can guarantee it. These are the cats I saw in my vision."

"What do you mean?" Luna meowed, hating the tremble in her voice.

"And how do you know our names?" Silver added. His voice was steady, but one look in her friend's grey eyes suggested a tumult of emotions. Luna felt a pang of regret for dragging her friend into the mess.

Whatever happens, I'm going to make sure Silver gets out of this.

Featherwing, the white she-cat, exchanged a quick glance with Briarstar, before dipping her head to Silver and Luna.

"Come with me," she murmured. "I'll explain everything about the prophecy and why you're here."

Briarstar gave a small nod, before whisking her tail at Juniperfrost, whose eyes had become thoughtful.

"Go tell the other clan leaders. Take a few cats with you. Don't provoke them, just tell them that *they* have arrived." she meowed as she rose to her paws. "I'll address our clan later."

With a silent nod, Juniperfrost slunk back into the shadows, his pawsteps unnervingly quiet.

Luna didn't realize her pelt had been prickling with unease until the

dark tom had left.

"Come with me," Featherwing meowed, her blue eyes thoughtful.

"Not until you tell us what's happening," Luna hissed, unsheathing her claws as she tried to sort out everything that the white cat had said. It made no sense... How could she have seen them in a *vision*?

"All will be explained," Featherwing retorted calmly, her eyes blinking.

Silver nudged her gently, and with a huff, Luna ambled behind Featherwing, who had left the leader's den after a polite nod to Briarstar. Outside, the sunlight streamed through the trees, lighting the forest up and chasing the shadows away. The air was cool, and more cats had joined their clanmates underneath shafts of sunlight scattered throughout the camp. Luna spotted the kit that had approached them fearlessly peeking out from a clump of ivy, but her small grey head quickly disappeared when Luna glanced in the direction.

Featherwing, who had been leading them, finally stopped in a small stone den covered and shaded by ivy. It smelled strongly of different herbs, and Luna wrinkled her nose. Dried plants of different colours and smells were found in every nook and cranny of the strange stone den. She saw Silver's eyes widen as he gazed at the plants and something akin to wonder seemed etched on his features.

"This is the medicine den, but that's not important," Featherwing meowed, flicking her tail. "What's important is that you're here. StarClan has sent me a prophecy, and they gave me a vision. I saw you two, a calico she-cat and a grey tom walking towards us. Were you hoping to find us?"

Luna felt her heart pound in her chest. *Did Featherwing know about Dawn and her revenge*? *And what was StarClan?*

But it was Silver who answered, his voice nonchalant and steady. "Tell us what the prophecy is, first."

Featherwing's eyes darkened at their hesitancy to answer, but she pricked her ears. "Very well," she agreed finally.

The white cat closed her eyes before speaking in a soft mummer.

"Of the four there are two, one with eyes the lightest of hues. He is one who will walk the stars, his powers hiding the deepest of scars.

And she, a cat who gazes back; shrouded in the darkness of her past. They are the light that will save the clans, for they are how ShadowClan once began."

~

A/N: Phew I really suck at writing prophecies... And voila! Here's a long chapter to make up for the super short one last time :)

Chapter Twenty Two

[image]

Luna felt her heart drop inside her chest as she stared at Featherwing in shock. Her mind stumbled over the words, trying to remember all of them. Her thoughts churning, she turned away, trying to compose her features before she could speak.

But Silver's meow of surprise quickly jarred her back to reality, and she blinked as the silver cat shot her a bewildered gaze.

Either Featherwing's gone mad, or-

Luna shook her head, trying to clear her thoughts. *There's no 'or'. Featherwing's gone mad*, she finally decided firmly.

But the white she-cat only stared at them, before whisking her tail, her ears pricked.

"We can talk later," she said quickly, casting a meaningful look at Luna. "Right now, Briarstar is about to call a clan meeting."

Featherwing shook her fur, padding out of the herb-filled den, followed quickly by a confused Silver and a bewildered Luna.

The calico she-cat caught the look of desperation Silver shot her, and quickly bounded to him

"I think I know what to do," she murmured. "Just follow my lead when the time comes."

Silver gave a quick nod, though his gaze quickly flittered between the clan cats who looked at them with open curiosity. They were crowded around a jutting rock, with Briarstar perched on top. The russet coloured she-cat seemed to be waiting for them, and she nodded at Silver and Luna before speaking.

"Cats of ShadowClan. As you know, Featherwing has recently received a vision; a vision telling us to look for two chosen cats."

The clan hardly stirred, their gazes shifting uneasily from Featherwing to Luna and Silver. The black cat named Juniperclaw blinked calmly, his gaze narrowed as he met Luna's gaze.

She noticed that the black tom's unsheathed claws were digging into the soil, shredding the soft green grass.

I wonder what's gotten his fur in a twist, Luna wondered, quickly licking her chest fur before glancing away, fixing her attention on Brairstar.

"Well. We believe we've found the two cats. Or rather, they've found us. Featherwing and I think that Luna and Silver are the cats with the powers. The cats that will save us. " At this, Briarstar's gaze turned to the grey tom and the calico cat, who sat below the rock.

"Luna. Silver. Shadowclan offers you a place in our clan. Because you are the cats of Starclan, your true home is with us. Do you wish to stay?"

"I accept!"

Luna meow was firm, and fear rose in her chest as the words tumbled out of her mouth, but she raised her chin, eyes burning.

This is how I will avenge Dawn, she told herself as she tried to push away the doubt in her mind. An unease rose in her belly. *If I gain their trust, then...*

"Then I accept too," Silver meowed quickly. He dipped his head to Briarstar in respect, his gaze sliding quickly to Luna's. He nodded, seeming to signal his agreement with her plan. Though, Luna couldn't help but notice a thin trace of sadness in his grey eyes.

A gasp of shock rose from the clan, and soft murmurs rose from the group. Underneath the sun-high light, Briarstar glowed, her pelt gleaming as she flicked her tail. The clan seemed to hesitate in shock before a small meow sounded from a small grey kit huddled next to her mother. With a start of surprise, Luna realized it was Streamkit, the fearless she-cat who had approached them earlier.

"Luna! Silver!" Her small meow seemed to jerk the shocked clan into

motion. And all at once, the cats raised their muzzles to the rock, their eyes shining as they beheld Luna and Silver. Suddenly, the whole forest seems to echo with the chants of the clan, their voices weaving with the gentle sounds of rustling bushes and leaves.

"Luna! Silver!"

*Oof, sry for the long chapter. I got carried away :)

Chapter Twenty Three

Luna woke up to the feeling of sunlight warming her pelt, and she stretched lazily, her tail twitching as she got to her paws.

It was a long, long time since she'd gotten such a good rest, and she purred with pleasure. The other warriors, who had shared offered to share their den with Luna and Silver, were long gone. By the stale scent and neat, cold nests, Luna guessed they were either on early hunting patrols or border patrols. Even Silver's nest was empty, leaving the calico she-cat alone in the den.

Luna felt a fleeting flash of guilt; everyone was off hunting for the clan. And what had she been doing? Sleeping. She shook her fur irritably, before giving her fur a quick lick and heading outside.

The ShadowClan camp was empty, with a few warriors hanging outside. A small, green-eyed golden cat with a white tail dipped her head to Luna in greeting. Luna licked her chest fur, embarressed that she couldn't remember the she-cat's name.

I've got to learn the names of my new clanmates, she told herself. But almost as fast as the thought had come, she was hit by a new one. *Clanmates that I would have to... kill."*

She shivered, flinching. But Briarstar's meow quickly jolted her from her thoughts. The red she-cat had been organizing patrols, but she quickly waved Luna over with her tail as the patroling cats disappeared into the shadows of the forest.

"Sorry I didn't help my patrols," Luna aplogized as soon as she reached the ShadowClan leader. But Briarstar quickly flicked her tail, her tone dismissive.

"It's alright. You needed the rest. Silver woke up early and decided to join the dawn patrol, so he could learn the territory. But you can

join the next one."

Luna dipped her head. "Of couse. I can help hunt too, if you'd like."

Best to earn their trust. And respect. She told herself, though she had to fight the tug of shame at her heart.

"That'll be appreciated. Thanks, Luna," the red Shadowclan leader meowed. Her gaze lingered on Luna's for a moment, before she turned away.

"Have you thought about the prophecy yet?"

Luna felt a stab of fear in her belly, and she quickly turned her head.

"I...I don't know what to think." She meowed finally, hesitant. Briarstar only nodded, blinking sympathetically.

"Of course. I understand it's a lot to take in. But, as you know, a lot of...strange things have been happening recently."

At this, Briarstar lowered her voice, casting an anxious gaze around.

Luna saw something lingering in the normally calm leader's gaze. *Fear.*

"Last moon, some of my warriors-"

But whatever Briarstar was going to say was cut off by a high-pitched, hysterical wail that sounded from the nursery. It came from a golden cat with luminous bright eyes. But she was trembling. Luna and Briarstar hurried over, with a few anxious warriors close behind them. Peering through the opening of the nursery, Luna could make out wide-eyed kits and another Queen staring at a bundle of grey-white fur in shock and disbelief.

Seeing Briarstar, the golden cat leaning over the white bundle of fur threw her head back, trembling. But her next words were what chilled Luna to the bone.

"Streamkit! My precious kit! She's been *murdered*!"

~~~END OF BOOK ONE IN THE LOST STARS SERIES~~~

Author's Note

So! Hello everyone, it's Ryn here.

Thanks to everyone who read this story! I'm so glad you made it to the end of Lost Stars: Book One!!

You all are amazing! And I'm so sorry to end on a cliffhanger like that, but I've got to get all of you excited for book 2, don't I? :)

Once again, thanks so much for reading. All of your support has been amazing, and I appreciate each and every one of you.

Book Two will be up soon! And that's a promise (and don't worry, I'm working hard to make it a good story; I'm trying to improve my writing skills :) Hopefully, it will be a story worth reading.)

So let's say goodbye to Luna and Silver for now! (and goodbye to Streamkit forever, :( )

Until next time!

-Ryn, xxcatofthestarsxx